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WORKING

FOR PAPA.

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WORKING FOR PAPA.

ONE morning, while Addie was reading, papa came into the room.

"I want a bag — a large bag — to hold some papers. Who will make it for me?"

"May I, papa?" said Addie, joyfully. "Do let me! I will be so industrious."

"I am afraid," said mamma, "it will be too large a piece of

work for you. Perhaps papa cannot wait long enough."

"O, I will wait for my little girl to do it," said he, "if you think she can."

"Indeed, mamma, I think I can; I shall not be tired. I should so like to do something for papa."

So it was settled that she should do it; and her mother went to the drawer, where she kept pieces, to find a proper piece for it. She brought out several, and they were all spread out, for papa to choose which he would like. He was a long time choosing: some were too

pretty, and some too ugly. At last he fixed upon a piece Addie thought beautiful; it was full of roses and rosebuds. She was quite pleased, and they all said they thought it would make a very pretty bag.

Mamma said "it was too pretty to put dusty papers in;" but Addie thought "nothing could be too pretty for papa."

When they had settled it, Addie went on with her reading, and mamma fixed and prepared the work very nicely.

It was a large bag, and took the

little girl a long time to make. She worked an hour every day, and wanted to work longer; but her mother would not let her, because she said she would make herself too tired.

Sometimes while she was working, papa would come in, to see how his bag was getting on. He used to say such funny things about it.

One day he took it up, to look if it was well done; and he said, "Pray, Addie, make small stitches, or perhaps the *mice* may creep through and eat up my papers."

Addie and her mamma laughed heartily at the idea of stitches large enough for a mouse to creep through ; and they both made papa notice what very small stitches they were, and how close they were together.

They were all very merry about the bag, all the while it was being made.

At last it was finished, and then papa said, "it was too handsome for a bag, and it would make a beautiful cap."

So he put it on his head, and walked about with it. Then he

went out, and came and stood at the window, and pretended to be a stranger, and talked in some foreign language, which neither Addie nor her mamma could understand.

Addie capered about the room with delight, exclaiming, "Funny papa! funny papa!"

Presently mamma called out, "There is some company coming!"

Papa ran in hastily, pulled off his beautiful cap, and went into the hall to receive his guests. They were two gentlemen whom

he had not seen for a long time. He was pleased to see them, but they could not stay long.

While they staid, Addie sat very patiently waiting for their going, to have the string put in the bag, that she might carry it to her papa's study; where it was to be filled with the papers, and hung up in a nice place where he could always see it. He had put up a handsome hook on purpose for it.

When the gentlemen were gone, mamma put the string in the bag, and then she, and papa, and Addie, all went to the study. How

pleased and proud Addie felt when she saw her bag filled, and hung up on its handsome hook!

"It will be *really* useful, will it not, dear papa?" said she.

"Yes, *really very* useful," said he, kissing her; "I have wanted such a bag a long time, and I am very much obliged to my dear little girl for making it."

Addie ran to ask her dear nurse to come and look "how pretty the bag looked," and she was as pleased as the child.

"Well, now," said papa, "that you have all paid your respects to

my new bag, you may go and leave me to my books."

So they all went away: mamma into the parlor, nurse into her nursery, and Addie into the garden.

When the study door was open, you could see the bag; and Addie often ran up stairs that day to peep at it. And, indeed, for a long time she always looked in if the door was open, when she passed up and down stairs.

I think she had more pleasure in making that useful bag for her papa, than she would have had in a new toy, had it been ever so pretty.

Addie's father was so well pleased with the industry of his little daughter, that he told her two pretty stories. One was called

Freddy; or, The Greedy Little Boy.

I am now going to tell you about a little boy named Freddy, who was rather greedy.

One day his mamma gave him a bunch of raisins. He ran into the garden to eat them, though it was very cold, and he would have liked better to sit by the nursery fire.

Why do you think he did this?

I will tell you: because his little sisters Emma and Rosy were in the nursery, and Freddy knew that if they saw the raisins, they would wish to have some of them; so he went round and round the gravel walk, eating his raisins as fast as he could, because he felt cold, and wished to make haste in to the nursery fire, which he knew was blazing brightly, because he could see the nursery window looking quite red with its light.

At last he had eaten them all. So he went in almost crying with the cold, for his hands and

cheeks smarted. The fire soon made him warm, and his little sisters began to play with him, so that presently he was very happy.

Now I want you to remember that he was not happy while he was cold in the garden, even though his mouth was full of sweet raisins, for he was almost ready to cry, and he made great haste to eat his raisins, that he might go in. Freddy was rather greedy, so he thought he must be happy with something nice in his mouth; but you see he was not happy, for we are never happy if

we are almost crying; and if he had been happy, he would not have been in such a hurry to get in doors. But he did not think about this, and the next day, when mamma gave each of the children a piece of cake, he went out of the nursery again, to eat it alone; first he went in the bedroom, but he heard Rosy coming, so he ran into a great closet, and ate up his cake. As he came out of the closet, mamma came into the room. She said, "Why have you been in that dark closet?"

Freddy was rather ashamed to tell

her, but as he could not be so wicked as to tell a story, he said, "To eat my cake."

Mamma said, "Why did you not eat it in the nursery?"

"Because I heard Rosy and Emma giving some of their cake to nurse, and I thought nurse would want some of mine."

Mamma was very sorry to find her little boy so greedy, and she told him that he would find himself much happier if he did not care so much about nice things. Freddy could scarcely believe this; but he knew his mamma always

spoke the truth, so he said he would try to care less for nice things, and to give some away now and then.

Mamma said she would advise him always to give part of everything he had to his sisters; and she went into the nursery, and told the little girls always to give part of their nice things to Freddy. Then she gave them all some raisins, and told them to play with them all together.

When mamma was gone, nurse took out a little box of dolls' plates and dishes, and said the children

might have them to play with. This pleased them all very much.

Soon they began to play at ladies and gentlemen having dinner, and afterwards Rosy pretended to be ill, while Emma was the mamma, and Freddy the doctor, who gave her the medicine. I suppose you know that the medicine was really little bits of raisin. At first Freddy was very angry, because Rosy would pretend to be ill so long, that she wanted a great deal of medicine; and he was angry too with Emma for taking a very large dinner, while she was pretending to be the

mamma, because she said she was so tired with nursing her ill daughter; but soon he was so much amused with the play, that he did not think about the raisins.

The play was very funny; for Emma pretended to carry Rosy like a baby, to show her to the doctor (you remember Freddy was the doctor), and just as she was holding her out for the doctor to see, Rosy moved, and made Emma tumble down off the stool, where she was standing.

Freddy said, "O, madam, I am very sorry to see you fall down!"

And he was going to pick her and Rosy up, but Rosy pulled his foot and made him fall too; so they all rolled on the ground, mamma, and baby, and doctor. This made them all laugh so loudly that mamma came to see what the noise was about.

She was very much pleased to see them so happy, and said, "Why, Freddy, what is making you so happy?"

Freddy said, "The raisins, mamma."

Mamma said, "No, dear, it is the funny play, I think."

Now which do you think was right? I will tell you a little more about Freddy, then you will see.

Every time Freddy had something nice, he gave a part to his sisters, not because he wished to do so, but because his mamma had told him. He generally liked best to give it them in some funny play, as he had done with the raisins, then they all enjoyed themselves very much.

One wet day, when the children could not take a walk, and mamma was busy with some ladies down stairs, Freddy, and Emma, and

Rosy had played with all their toys till they were tired. At last Emma said, "Let us play at ladies and gentlemen. Nurse, do get us some cake, or something nice, and let us have the box of plates and dishes."

Nurse said she would see what she could do, and she went down stairs. Soon she came up again, and said cook had no cake, nor anything nice, but she had brought them a little bread, because that would do just as well as cake to play with.

Freddy said, "O, but we are not

hungry; we do not want bread, we want something sweet!"

Still, as they could not get anything better, they began to play with the bread.

This time Freddy was a policeman, and Emma a baker, selling bread. Rosy pretended to be a thief, and she came in very softly, and took away a loaf (the loaves were little pieces of bread cut out with nurse's best silver thimble), then all at once, as she was beginning to eat it, Freddy came from behind the door, and Emma said, "Policeman, take that thief!" and

they both ran after Rosy. They generally caught Rosy before she could eat the bread, and took her to prison. The prison was the baby's cradle, and nurse was the man who kept the prison. Once, when they ran after Rosy, she slipped away somewhere, all at once, and the policeman and baker could not find her. They looked all over the nursery, and the landing, and the bedrooms, but they could not see her; so at last they sat on one of the beds to think where she could be.

All at once Rosy squeaked out,

"O, O, policeman, you will kill me!" and out popped her head from under the blankets. She jumped up in a minute, laughing with all her might. The baker said, "Catch the thief, policeman!" but the policeman got his foot entangled in the blanket and tumbled down. Then Emma began to laugh too, and the thief ran to the shop and took all the bread; so they all laughed, and called out, "Stop thief!" Freddy soon got up and ran laughing across the landing, when he fell against mamma, who was just going into the nursery.

She said, "Why, Freddy, what makes you so happy?"

Freddy stopped a minute, then he said, "Why, it must be the play, for we have no raisins to day."

So mamma said, "Now tell me which is best, then, play without raisins, or raisins without play?"

Freddy remembered the raisins in the garden, and he knew he was not so happy while he was only eating them alone, as he was just now, being the policeman, and running after Rosy. So he said, "Play without raisins, is the best."

Then mamma kissed him, and said, "I have brought you some raisins now."

Freddy felt very glad his sisters were with him, and he called out, "Come, Emma and Rosy, here are some raisins; let us play with them. I like nothing so much now as having a nice game with my sweet things." And the three children soon filled the nursery with their happy laughing.

Now which was right, mamma or Freddy, about what it was that made him happy?

When he had finished the story, he asked Addie if she wished to hear another.

"O, yes, papa," said Addie.

"Well, then, I will tell you about"—

MARY AND ELLEN; OR, THE SISTERS WHO QUARRELLED.

Mary and Ellen were sisters, and they loved each other very much; yet they often quarrelled. Their mamma was dead, and their papa had found a kind nurse to take care of them. This good nurse was very sorry to see her two little

girls quarrel so often, and she used sometimes to punish them by making them sit in different rooms; because she thought, as they loved each other, they would soon wish to be together again, and then be more careful to play happily. They always asked nurse to forgive them, and promised not to quarrel any more, if they might play together again. But they were almost sure to forget their promise in less than half an hour; and this made poor nurse quite unhappy.

You must not think that Mary

and Ellen ever beat each other, or tried to hurt each other, in any way; they were not so naughty as that, but they always wished to do as they liked, and never gave up their own wishes for the sake of pleasing each other. I will tell you all about one evening they passed in the drawing-room, with their papa; then you will see what I mean.

After nurse had washed their faces, and taken off their pinafores, they walked down stairs, taking hold of each other's hands. Mary could walk down faster than Ellen,

because she was the oldest; so she went as fast as she could.

Little Ellen said, "O, take care, Mary, you will pull me down!"

Mary did not stop, but pulled Ellen on, and said, "Make haste, then!"

She did not mean to hurt Ellen, but she thought it funny to pull her. So as little Ellen could not make more haste, her foot slipped, and she fell down. Papa came running out to see what was the matter.

Mary said, "Ellen would not make haste, so when I did, it

pulled her down; but I am sorry I hurt her."

Mary was sorry, but she did not think how wrong it was of her to go on doing what Ellen asked her not to do. Papa kissed Ellen's knee, and made it well; then they all went into the drawing-room.

There was a large velvet stool before the fire; both the little girls were fond of sitting on this, because it was a soft and warm place. So Ellen made haste to get away from her papa, that she might run to it; but Mary reached it first, and sat down. Then Ellen cried, and

papa asked Mary to let Ellen have it, because her knee had been sore; but Mary said, "It is not sore now;" and she almost cried too, lest papa should make her give the stool to Ellen. So when papa saw that both the little girls were unhappy about the stool, he thought it would do best to put it quite away, and he told them to sit on the rug.

Then papa took out a paper from his pocket, and what do you think was in it? A barking dog for Mary, and a trumpet for Ellen. These pretty toys ought to have

made them very happy; so they did, for a few minutes, but soon Ellen wanted Mary's dog.

Mary cried out, "O, no, you will break it!" and she held it up over her head, so that Ellen might not be able to reach it.

When little Ellen saw this, she wished to show that she was tall enough to reach it, even there; so she stood on her toes, and caught hold of it all at once, when Mary did not know what she was going to do. This made the dog fall down, and the fall broke off the dog's head. Now Ellen was very

sorry, and said Mary might have the trumpet; but Mary only cried, and said she liked the dog best. Ellen felt so unhappy at having broken the dog, that she did not care about blowing her trumpet; so she began to break it open to see what was inside. Papa was angry with her for doing this, and threw the trumpet in the fire. So you see they did not let the toys make them very happy.

After this, papa played at throwing them up; first Mary, then Ellen, then Mary, then Ellen; over and over again. This was

very funny, and they were very happy, till they began both to try if they could not get two throws at once, instead of each one waiting for her turn. So when Mary had been thrown, Ellen ran to papa, but Mary ran too; then their two heads knocked together, and they began to cry. Papa kissed them and made them well, once or twice; but when they again both pushed towards him at once, and knocked each other, and began to cry, poor papa grew quite tired of his troublesome little girls, and he rang for nurse to take them away.

This evening that I have told you about was very much like all their evenings. Would you not have thought that two little girls who loved each other, and had a kind papa, and a good nurse, and nice new toys, and games of being thrown up, must have been very happy? Yet you see they were often crying, and they were scarcely ever quite merry. They used often to wonder how it was that they were so often unhappy; but they never found out till the summer came.

Then their aunt invited them to

stay at her house for several weeks. Directly they went there they saw that all the little girls and boys seemed to enjoy themselves all day long, and yet they had not many toys, and were always made to do what their mamma and their nurses told them. You remember that Mary was older than Ellen, so she began to think a great deal about this, and at last, one day, she thought she would watch and see what it was that her cousins did to make themselves so happy. So she sat in the corner of the nursery with a book on her knee,

but looked at what they were doing.

Robert and Carrie were playing with the cat. Baby ran up to them all at once, and said, "I want it." Instead of holding the cat over his head, or running away with it, which would have been sure to make baby cry, Robert said, kindly, "No, baby, pussy would scratch you."

Still baby cried, "I want it!"

Then Robert said, "Find a toy for baby, Carrie;" and Carrie ran to find a toy.

While she was doing so, Robert

held pussy for baby to stroke. Carrie soon came with baby's cart full of bricks. Baby ran to the cart, and Robert and Carrie played happily with the cat again.

Then Mary saw how much better that was than snatching pussy away without finding something else for baby; for if they had made baby cry for the cat, Mary was almost sure that nurse would have put it out of the room, so that there could be no quarrelling about it.

Then she looked a little more, to see how they made themselves

so happy. Just then pussy jumped away on to a high shelf. Robert was going to reach his hand up for her, but Carrie said, "Let me take her," and stepped on a chair. When she saw Robert's hand put out, she stopped, and said, "O, never mind, you may!"

But Robert said, "O, no, Carrie, not if you wish to do it; take her yourself, dear!"

Then Carrie did, and pussy jumped and purred on her shoulder; so Carrie was happy with pussy, and Robert was pleased that he had made Carrie happy. If

they had quarrelled, most likely pussy would have jumped down while they were quarrelling; or even if one had taken her, it would have made both of them cross and unhappy. Mary thought of all this, and still went on looking at her two happy little cousins.

While she was looking, a servant came in and said, "Your mamma wants one of you to help to pick up the weeds in the strawberry bed. Which of you will go?"

Both said, "I will."

Then the servant said, "You can not both go; which shall I take?"

Now, thought Mary, they will be sure to quarrel, and very likely they will both cry, just as Ellen and I would; then the servant will not take either of them. But you will see that Mary made a mistake.

Robert said, "Well, Carrie, you may go."

Carrie said, "I should like it very much; but still I know you would like it too."

Then they talked together a little while, and at last they said that as Carrie had been out for a walk with mamma in the morning, when Robert staid at home, Robert ought

to be with her now. Then Robert went smiling down stairs, and Carrie seemed very happy too.

Now Mary thought how much better this was, because, if they had cried and quarrelled ever so much, only one could have gone, and both would have been unhappy with crying. Robert went very happily, because Carrie let him go kindly; he would not have gone half so happily, if he had left his sister crying, and calling him unkind.

After a few minutes, Mary went up to Carrie, and said, "How is it

that you and Robert never quarrel? Ellen and I cannot help it, even about very little things. I am sure we should have made baby cry about the cat; and we should have quarrelled about which was to take her down from the shelf; and I am quite certain we should have quarrelled and cried very much about which was to weed the strawberry bed."

Then Carrie said, "It would have been very silly of us to quarrel, because we should have lost all the treats; and even if we did not lose them, we should have been

unhappy. Do you not find that you and Ellen are unhappy, even if you get the treat you quarrel about?"

Mary said, "Yes, indeed we do;" and she told Carrie how they had both lost the velvet stool, because they had cried for it; and how unhappy even the toys made them; and how they lost papa's throws, because they quarrelled about them. Then she asked Carrie if Robert and she were always kind to each other, only lest they should lose all their treats?

Carrie said, "O, no, that is not

why we are kind to each other. It is because mamma tells us that God loves little girls and boys who are kind and gentle; and when God loves people, he almost always makes them happy. So, while we are trying to be kind, we cannot help making ourselves happy, even though we are only thinking of making each other happy; because, if we think about each other, then we feel happy ourselves; for God makes us happy. So when there is a treat that we cannot both have, one has it this time, and the other next time;

that is much better than quarrelling. I think that is what all little children do, if they love God."

Then Mary said, "But I am afraid that I do not love God; I will ask him to make me love him."

Carrie said, "Yes, do; but when you have asked God to make you love him, be sure you try directly afterwards to be good. I really do think, Mary dear, that nothing makes people love God so much as trying to be good. At least, little children like you and me. You cannot think how I

love Him when I have been good all day!"

Mary kissed Carrie for telling her all this; and she made up her mind that she would now always think about making Ellen happy, instead of trying to get all the treats for herself. I will not tell you about all the times that she forgot to be kind and gentle, because even if I do not tell you, you can tell quite well how it was that whenever she said to Ellen, "Now you shall not," Ellen said, "Yes, I will;" and whenever she said, "You naughty girl, I do not love

you!" Ellen said, "I do not love you either!"

But all this is very sad; and I will make haste to tell you that when Mary always remembered to say, "No, Ellen dear, do not do that! it makes me unhappy;" and when she said, "You shall have it it, dear!" Ellen soon left off answering unkindly, and began to say, "No, Mary dear, I will not always have the treats; you have this one."

And so, before another summer came, papa could let them be with him all the while he dug in the

garden; and nurse could give them all sorts of pretty toys, without being afraid they would break them. And when the winter came on, papa could keep them down in the drawing-room, and let them have the velvet stool, all the evening, while he was reading. So was it not a good thing that they learned to try and make each other happy, instead of quarrelling?

The Blackberries.

Lydia Norton was a little girl just five years old, always smiling and good-tempered. She had nothing to make her unhappy; for she had a kind mother, who took pains to teach her what was right, and to be obedient, kind, and attentive to those about her. She always tried to please other people; and so every one loved her. 'Tis true, she had her faults, like other children; but she never concealed them by telling untruths. She had been taught that God hates

lying lips, but they that deal truly are his delight. Lydia Norton would rather be punished for her faults than try to hide them by a lie.

When she had done wrong, she would come at once and own it, and ask forgiveness; for she knew that children are almost always found out.

> And he that does one fault at first,
> And lies to hide it, makes it two.

If Lydia had broken a cup, or torn her frock, or spoken improperly to her elder sister or brother,

she would go at once and confess it to her mother. She looked timid and ashamed, most likely, but she knew her mother was her best friend, and that her reproofs would be given in love. If she had been guilty of any greater faults, she did not deny them, when she was asked about them, nor did she ever try to make any excuses. No one ever had cause to doubt a word that Lydia said. How agreeable it is when children can be trusted.

One fine day in autumn, Mrs. Norton went to the country to

spend a week with Lydia's aunt, who had a little girl, rather older, called Fanny. The children had as much fruit after dinner as was good for them, and then they were left to play in the garden. Fanny was selfish and deceitful. Not content with the indulgences allowed her, she took Lydia down a shady lane to eat some blackberries, and they returned to the house with their hands and faces quite stained; but they did not know it.

Fanny came in first. "Where have you been, my child?" asked her mother. "In the garden."

"Nowhere else?" "No, mother." "Now, Fanny, speak the truth; remember, my dear child, God can see you. He knows all that is in your heart; and if you tell a falsehood, I cannot pass it over." "Mother, I have not been out of the garden; indeed I have not." But as Fanny said these words, she became quite red. Her mother took her to a looking-glass; she pointed to her mouth and her fingers, and Fanny could only hang down her head and cry. Her mother shut her up by herself in a closet, close to the parlor, so that she could hear all that passed.

Just then her little playfellow came in. "Mother," said Lydia, as Mrs. Norton took her on her knee, "I have been down the lane to eat some blackberries." "My dear, you should not have gone without my leave; and, most likely, you will suffer for being greedy and eating more fruit than is proper for you." "I am sorry, mother. I hope you will forgive me, and I will try never to go out again without your leave."

Observe. Lydia was really sorry for her own fault; she did not lay the blame on her companion, who

had tempted her, and who was older than herself. She did not even mention Fanny.

The little girls were both taken ill; but they behaved very differently. Fanny gave a great deal of needless trouble to her friends; Lydia tried to think of others rather than herself. This difference is often seen. Sly, deceitful children do not fear doing wrong, because they hope to conceal it. Good and sincere children, on the contrary, cannot bear to conceal the mischief they have done.